

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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BIG MAN WHO SAVED A LITTLE CHILD

THE GREAT HEAP OF STONES

A GOLDEN DEED IN RHODESIA

The Big Scandinavian who Gave Himself for a Child

WHY THE KAFFIRS COME TO PRAY

We are thinking of the Empire this year; here is a tale of it, a bit of its everyday life.

In a south-eastern corner of Rhodesia there is a great heap of stones piled up by the Kaffirs of the neighbourhood, and when children are sick, or there is some trouble in the family, the women go there and offer simple sacrifices, as at a sacred shrine.

The heap of stones marks a white man's grave, and the women feel that here, if anywhere, help can be found. For here a man did a deed for a Kaffir child which showed that, if his spirit haunts the spot, he will surely succour any suffering child that comes near; or, if only the help of gods will serve, his must be the God that can give relief.

The Messenger from the Kraal

This is the story of the deed that caused that cairn of stones to be raised by Kaffir hands.

A trader's wagon was met by a messenger from a Kaffir kraal with the news that a white man was ill at the kraal, and they feared he would die.

At the kraal they found the news only too true. There lay a splendid figure of a man, tall and muscular, but evidently suffering from severe hardship, and dying from the poison of a mortifying leg. Indeed, that night he died; but not before he had told his tale in halting English, for he was a Scandinavian, who had lost the party with whom he had been for some time trekking northward.

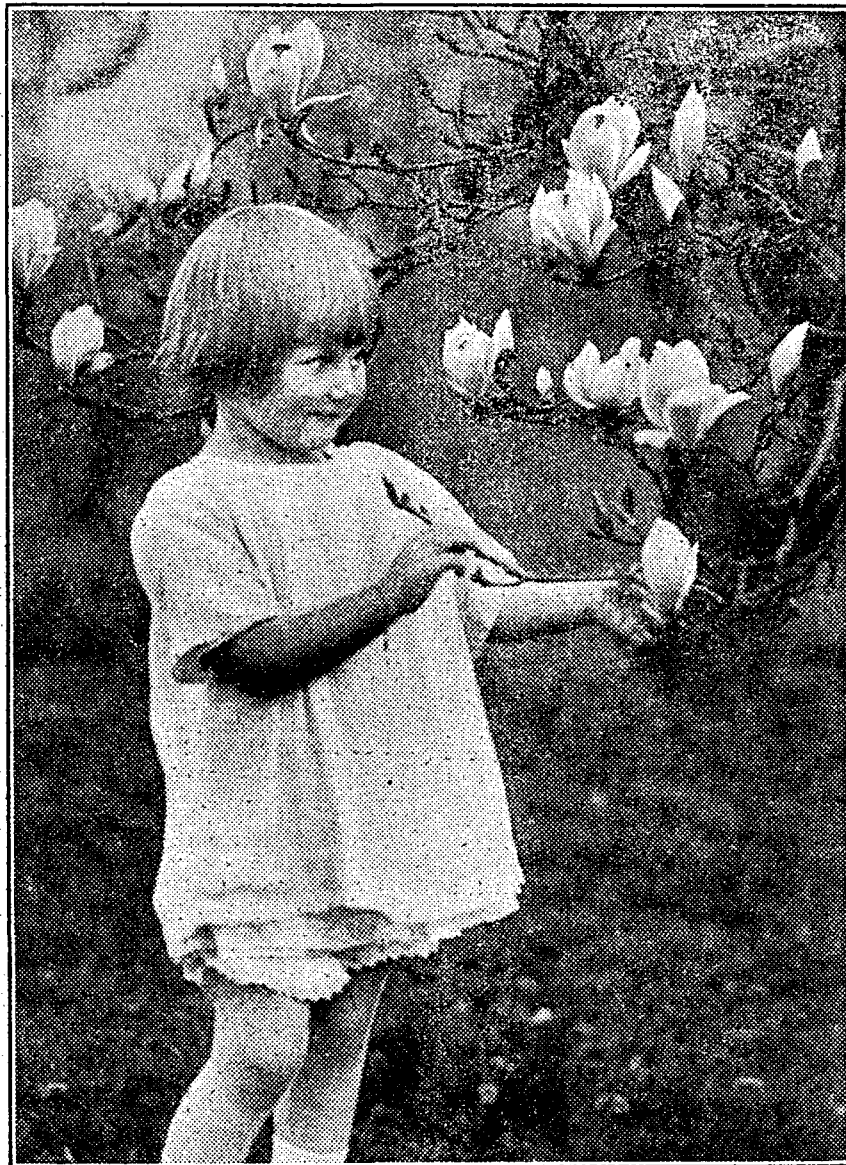
Asleep in the Bush

The party had been mixed—whites and some accompanying Kaffir servants. At one of their halting-places a little native child, a girl, had wandered away into the bush and could not be found when the time came to move on. Some search was made, and then the party continued their journey, taking with them the child's mother.

But Wulf, the big Scandinavian, would not go on. He insisted that the child must be found. So he borrowed several water-bottles, took some food, and searched again through the neighbouring bush. After an all-night search he found her asleep miles away from the trail. She was weary, thirsty, and hungry, but the food and water soon brought her round.

They set out on their return, but Wulf missed the way and was lost. For two days he carried the child, and she had plenty of food and water. Then he put his foot in the hole of an ant-bear and

The Radiant Joy of Spring



After the long and cold winter the spring this year is particularly welcome, and gardens and fields are now ablaze with glory. This happy little reader is admiring the beautiful magnolias in Kew Gardens, which have been making a particularly fine show.

fell, and one of his legs was broken. Two nights and a day he lay there, and the child still had food and water. Then they were found by the child's mother, who had deserted the party to renew the search alone.

Wulf was now weak and ill, but still conscious; the child was well and strong. The happy mother found a Kaffir kraal some miles away, brought help to carry the suffering man to the kraal, and sent the news to the trader.

"How much water was there?" asked the trader of the child's mother. "The child was not thirsty," she replied. "Baas Wulf only wet his lips." "And the food?" asked the trader. "The child had it," said the mother.

Does not the story bring to mind that poem of Colonel John Hay, with its closing lines something like this:

And I think that saving a little child,

And bringing it to its own,

Is a great deal better business

Than loafing around the Throne.

At any rate, that is why the big cairn stands where Baas Wulf was buried,

and why brown mothers think a spirit that will give help to suffering children must linger round the spot.

It is but a native belief, but it at least serves an entirely admirable purpose in preserving the memory of one who, in the spirit of the Gospel, gave his life for that of a little child.

TWO HAWKS IN THE CITY

A Middlesex reader appeals to us to come to the rescue of young pigeons which are being constantly raided in their nests in the tower of St. Thomas's Church, Cornhill, by two hawks.

There are many nests in the tower, and while the parent birds are feeding from the hands of bird lovers at the Exchange close by, the hawks make sudden and successful descents.

We fear the pigeons are incapable of defence against the hawks, but we feel helpless in the matter except to suggest that it is a case in which the use of a gun, from a properly chosen point of observation, might not be so much out of place as a gun usually is.

NATION'S PILE OF GOLD

MOUNTAIN OF USELESS METAL

The Modern Midas and His Eight Hundred Million Pounds

BEST THING TO DO WITH IT

Every boy and girl has heard of King Midas, who prayed to the gods to give him gold.

The gods bestowed on him the special power of changing everything he touched into the prized yellow metal, with the result that even the food of Midas turned to gold.

The war made a sort of Midas of the United States, and the results are almost as curious as in the case of the old king.

Lending Money to Europe

When America came into the war in 1917 she had not many soldiers, and her aid for some time consisted in lending money to Europe. Lending money meant lending food, raw materials, steel, munitions, and so on. To find means to pay America for supplies, we sold out a large part of our American investments, which meant that America had no longer to export goods in order to pay interest on them. Also, we exported gold to America to pay for goods.

Since the war, too, America has made it more and more difficult for foreign nations to pay her in goods. She has done this by raising her customs tariff. This has led to her receiving a good deal of gold in payment for her exports. Thus, in 1923, the United States imported nearly £60,000,000 in gold.

Being in the position of the world's creditor, with huge payments due to her from all quarters, America is piling up gold at a rate which has never been known before in any country. Her stock of gold is now worth £800,000,000.

Two-Fifths of the World's Gold

This is about two-fifths of the gold possessed by all the world. There it lies in the coffers of America, of no use to those who possess it.

All that the nations need gold for is either for ornament or as the basis of a money system. As to ornament, people of taste use very little, and therefore not much gold is required for this purpose. With regard to money, gold forms a splendid standard, but the actual amount required is small. America does not need nearly so much as she possesses as a backing for her paper money.

So that America has piled up a great hoard of gold which, for the greater part, is useless to her. The best thing would be for her to find some way of exporting it to other nations to enable them to reform their monetary systems, and so to restore commerce to its old prosperity. The gold of America would enable them all to re-establish the gold standard, with beneficial effects which would be felt by the world as a whole, including America.

NERO IN OPERA TRIUMPH OF A DUNCE

Musical Setting of the Dawn of Christianity

BOITO AND HIS WORK

At the most famous opera house in the world, La Scala, at Milan, there has just been produced the wonderful opera Nero by a man who has been six years in his grave. It shows the dawn of Christianity amid the terrors and cruelty of Rome in her decline.

Every civilised nation was represented at the first performance; there has rarely been such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm over an opera. The tribute to Arrigo Boito, its composer, sets an imperishable garland of fame upon his quiet tomb.

Composer's Burning Zeal

How came there to be so unique a demonstration of appreciation of a dead man's unknown work?

For half a century the musical world had been aware that Boito had been working unwearyingly on his opera. Though the words were known, not a note of music had been made public.

All was shrouded by him in privacy and shrinking dread of imperfection. With all his knowledge and skill, he declared, after an age of labour on it, that in order to complete Nero he must begin his study of music all over again. This from a man loved and admired throughout the world!

The burning zeal for this opera which sustained the composer through all those years may be better understood if we know the man.

Music in the Soul

Boito was born at Padua in 1842, the son of an Italian father and a Polish mother. He had a genius for languages, and was a born poet and writer; but music lay deepest in his soul, so deep that it could not at first be reached. At the great musical Conservatoire in Milan the examiners raged against him and desired again and again to expel him as a dunce incapable of either music or understanding; but his own professor wrestled for the salvation of his pupil, and kept him at the academy until he left it and became a well-known writer in Paris. Then one day he wandered off to his mother's home in Poland, and there, in answer to a request from Milan, he completed an opera on Faust.

It was received with mingled ecstasy and passionate riot, followed by duels in the morning, and years elapsed before poor Boito altered it and made it more acceptable.

He wrote other operas, of which little of his own music now remains; he fought gallantly as a soldier under Garibaldi for the liberation of his country; he wrote the fine librettos on which Verdi composed his Falstaff and Othello, as we still hear them at Covent Garden; and he produced plots and words for other opera composers.

Romance and Splendour

Fame came to him as the builder of other men's glory, and also for his own literary creations; but all the time he was working at his chief piece, the overwhelming Nero, which was child, master, and tyrant to him for the rest of his days.

Renowned, beloved, but never quite understood, he was honoured by his Government, but never displayed the badges of his offices, though we know he cherished the degree of Doctor of Music which Cambridge University conferred on him.

Earnestly toiling, enjoying the company of a few chosen friends, he passed the last 50 years of his life at Milan, labouring in the main at Nero, diffident, striving, ardent, but dissatisfied to the end. He died in 1918, and the pious veneration of great artists who were his comrades and disciples has at last brought his masterpiece before the world in circumstances of unparalleled romance and splendour.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

President Coolidge
Hopeful

AMBASSADOR KELLOGG ON A BETTER CIVILISATION

The American Ambassador, Mr. Kellogg, has been talking encouragingly of America's growing interest in Europe, and he quoted the following passage from the speech of President Coolidge on the Reparations Report.

There appears to be every reason to hope (said the President) that the report of the experts, known as the Dawes Report, offers a basis for a practical solution of the Reparations problem.

A situation at once both intricate and difficult has been met in a most masterly way. Our countrymen are justified in looking at the result with great pride. Nothing of more importance to Europe has occurred since the Armistice.

The Ambassador went on to speak of the European problem, and said:

"We are one of the great family of nations, we speak the same language as you do, we have the same literature, laws, and customs, the same minds and objects in the great modern 20th-century civilisation. Our people are not indifferent to the conditions of Europe, either in a humanitarian or an economic sense."

United in Aims

There can be no peace in Europe, no general prosperity in the world, until Central Europe is stabilised, her Governments and her currencies stabilised, her industries revived, and her people made hopeful and happy. Here is the greatest work for the statesmen of modern times. In times of war everyone is united, but the problems that follow the war are more difficult than the problems of the war itself.

I am glad to see the great Anglo-Saxon nations united in sympathy, in aims, and in objects to solve the great problems that lie at the foundation of the prosperity and happiness of Europe. I believe and hope that out of the chaos and crimes of war, out of the distress and the agony which followed the great conflict, there will yet arise a greater, a higher, and a better civilisation.

UNLOCKING THE DOOR FOR MARCONI

The Old Man Who Did It

So often do we hear the name of one man in connection with an important invention that we are inclined to overlook others who made the great thing possible. It is so with wireless.

There were many clever men whose work prepared the way for the masterpiece of Marconi.

Working in an ill-equipped laboratory in Paris is a professor of nearly eighty. He is Professor Branly, the man who, many years ago, invented the coherer and discovered that wireless waves sent out into space could be picked up again. Professor Branly may be said to have unlocked the door for Marconi.

In My Magazine for June is an account of Professor Branly's work.

LEAP ON TO A MOVING TRAIN

A Man Who Knew What to Do and Did It

How some runaway railway trucks were stopped in full career by a ticket collector is reported from Morpeth.

The trucks, with a brake van, became detached during night shunting. Gathering impetus on a gradient, they crashed through one level crossing and smashed several vehicles at another.

Then a signalman turned them on to a siding, but as they passed the adjoining station a ticket collector jumped from the platform into the brake van and brought them to a standstill. They had travelled five miles and narrowly missed colliding with a passenger train.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Australia's population increased by 116,526 in 1923.

Southampton's new floating dock of 60,000 tons displacement is the largest in the world.

The biggest British railway engine is being made in Manchester. It will be 80 feet long, and will weigh 165 tons.

Master of the King's Music

Sir Edward Elgar has been appointed Master of the King's Music, in succession to the late Sir Walter Parratt.

Mrs. Nesbit

Mrs. Nesbit, the well-known writer of children's stories and poems, has died at her bungalow at New Romney, in Kent.

Danger of a Toy Balloon

Another death through swallowing a toy balloon is recorded, the victim being a girl of six in Nottingham.

Father Saves His Son

Responding to shouts that a boy was drowning, a Walton resident went to the rescue and saved his own son.

Better than Battleships

"I would rather build friendships than battleships," says Sir Harry Lauder. "It is more economical."

Pigeon's Dark Journey

A pigeon fell down a pit shaft near Wrexham and reached the bottom little the worse after its strange journey of 600 yards.

The Zoo Cashier

A burglar who broke into the Copenhagen Zoo failed to secure a sum of £500 because it had been put for safety in a boa constrictor's cage.

Coal from Spitsbergen

Norway's coal mines in Spitsbergen are proving a profitable investment. This year they are expected to yield 250,000 tons of coal, or about 15 per cent of Norway's total requirements.

The Best Way to Advertise

The best and cheapest way to advertise, said Sir Charles Higham the other day, is through the papers. To send a postcard to every house in Britain costs a penny for postage alone, but a fifth of a penny will put a page into every home.

LOOKING FOR A POLICEMAN

A Poor Boy's Memory

TALE OF TWO SIXPENCES

A grateful man of 35, who has made a name for himself in America, has lately been searching London for a policeman who befriended him when he was ten years old, homeless and alone in the London streets.

He had come from Russia with his mother and his brothers and sisters to join his father in America. Because he was big for his age he was not allowed on the emigrant ship with his half ticket, and the others had to sail without him. Somehow he made his way to London and found a Jewish synagogue where they wanted a choir boy. But the pay was only eight shillings a week, and it was not paid in advance.

As he wandered about a policeman asked him why he did not go home, and he told him his tale. The policeman gave him sixpence and took him to a baker's shop. Then he found him a bed. Next day he gave him another sixpence and told him to cheer up.

Ultimately a friend of the boy's father traced him and sent him to America. There he became a great actor, and now he is giving a season of Yiddish plays in London. But he wants to find the policeman who befriended him.

Will he succeed? Kind-hearted policemen are not rare in London, but is this one still on his beat? We hope so, and we hope he may have a little daughter who reads the C.N., and will tell him about this story of Mr. Maurice Swartz, the actor.

SOMETHING NEW IN WIRELESS

MAKING IT EASIER

How to Get Rid of the High Tension Battery

SIMPLIFYING THE VALVE SET

The most recent step forward in the science of wireless is an invention which aims at simplifying all wireless receiving sets depending on valves.

As most of us know, valves are used when the receiving station is a long way off, or when very loud signals are needed.

There are many disadvantages in using valve sets, apart from the fact that they are more expensive to buy and run than crystal receivers. In the first place, two batteries are needed to supply energy to the valves, and one of these, the high-tension battery, is expensive, heavy, and bulky, and has an unpleasant habit of running down.

When the Battery Runs Down

For instance, if you live in the country where it is difficult to obtain wireless apparatus, it is not an unlikely occurrence for you to find upon going to "turn on the wireless" that your H.T. battery has run down. If this occurs on a Saturday evening your set may be out of action till Monday, or even later. The new invention does away with the high-tension battery completely.

Another trouble that comes to users of valve sets with high-tension batteries is the noise generated in the set itself, generally either a rushing noise or a peculiar and persistent crackle.

These noises are largely caused by a faulty H.T. battery and are specially noticeable when the battery is getting old. The new set rivals the crystal set in the purity of its reception, while retaining the advantages of valve sets in sensitiveness and range of reception.

Many Advantages

As the new invention, known as the Unidyne receiver, uses only one battery instead of two, it is impossible for amateurs to connect up the battery wrongly, a mistake which often proves disastrous on an ordinary set, burning out the valves.

The valves used on the new invention are slightly different from those used on ordinary receivers, but as they are cheap to buy, this is no disadvantage, while the advantages are very plain to all.

The C.N. is specially glad to call attention to this improvement in wireless because it happens to have come from the brains of two clever young men on one of our companion publications—Mr. Keith Rogers and Mr. George Dowding, both of whom are on the staff of the best of all wireless weeklies, Popular Wireless, the bright little paper edited by Mr. Norman Edwards, in consultation with Sir Oliver Lodge.

TRAM DRIVER TO STATESMAN

South Australia's New Premier

South Australia is looking forward to the Premiership of Mr. John Gunn, who went to Adelaide 16 years ago as a tramcar driver.

His father belonged to the Orkney Islands, but emigrated to the Victoria goldfields, where he died, leaving his widow with nine young children.

John, who had little chance of education, became a butcher's boy, and afterwards a tea packer. When he got to Adelaide, and drove trams, he soon became a trade union leader, and organised a great tramway strike in 1910. Later he became a Labour Member of Parliament, and, his party having just got a majority at a general election, Mr. Gunn, still under 40, is beginning the next stage of his career as Prime Minister.

MOTHER'S DAY

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INSPIRATIONS

A Hundred Million People Join in Remembering Their Mothers

LAW THAT HONOURS THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

Mother's Day, surely one of the greatest days in the world, was kept last Sunday throughout the United States, and on all public buildings the Stars and Stripes were displayed as a national expression of love and reverence for the mothers of the country.

It is a splendid idea, this annual recognition of the unparalleled service rendered to a nation by its mothers, and it was established as part of the law of the United States by a resolution of Congress and a proclamation of the President in 1914—one of the good things that were given to the world in the year of the Great Shadow. This is the resolution:

Whereas the service rendered the United States by the American mother is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration;

and whereas we honour ourselves and the mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the fountain head of the State;

and whereas the American mother is doing so much for the home, for moral uplift, and religion (hence so much for good government and humanity);

therefore, be it resolved that the President of the United States is hereby authorised and requested to issue a proclamation calling upon the Government officials to display the United States flag on all Government buildings, and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May, as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country;

that the second Sunday in May shall hereafter be designated and known as Mother's Day, and it shall be the duty of the President to request its observance.

The resolution is faithfully carried out year by year, and last Sunday Americans of all ages and classes vied with one another to honour the Mother.

The Wearers of White Flowers

Churches, Sunday schools, and organisations of all kinds and creeds joined in the celebration. Sermons on the glory of motherhood were preached from pulpit and platform, extracts and poems on mother love were read, addresses on what great men have owed to their mothers were delivered, and all over the country Rudyard Kipling's poem "Mother o' Mine" was sung. In many States men, women, and children wore a white flower in honour of the mothers of the past.

English literature is full of beautiful tributes to the mother, and many of these have been collected and printed for use on Mother's Day.

Among the favourites are William Cowper's lines on his mother's picture, beginning

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, thy own sweet smiles
I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me.

John Ruskin's description of his mother was read publicly in thousands of places.

Mottoes of Motherhood

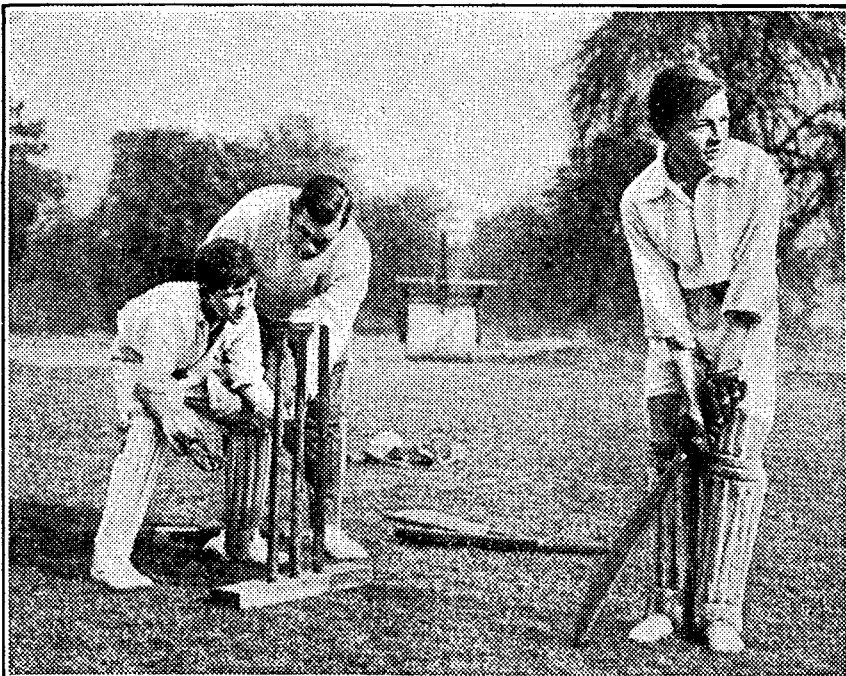
Mottoes referring to motherhood were displayed everywhere, particularly Lincoln's immortal words, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," and the old Jewish saying, "God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers."

Mother's Day is one of the inspiring ideas of the world, certainly one of America's great inspirations, and we may hope that its observance will spread beyond the confines of the United States till the whole civilised world keeps it with affection and sincerity.

CRICKET IS HERE AGAIN



A lesson in the correct method of holding the bat



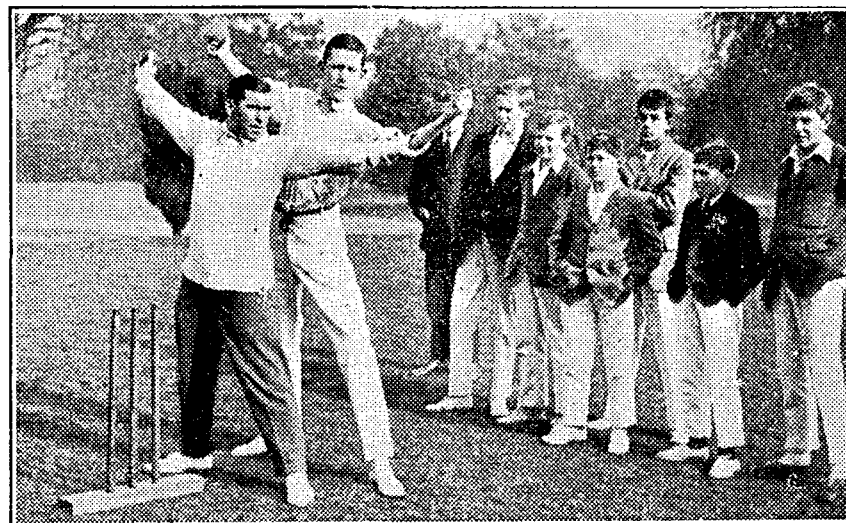
Pat Hendren, the Middlesex cricketer, coaches a young wicket-keeper



G. Beet, the Derbyshire professional, gives a lesson in wicket-keeping



H. W. Lee, one of the professionals at Lord's, showing how to play a straight bat



Pat Hendren illustrates the right method of bowling

At the beginning of the cricket season schoolboys in many parts of the United Kingdom are coached in the national game by a number of well-known professionals, some of whom are shown at work in these pictures

JULIUS CAESAR'S IDEA

ITALY CARRYING IT OUT

Freeing the Marshes from Malaria

A GREAT DRAINAGE SCHEME

About thirty miles from Rome, along the famous Appian Way, is a great marshy plain. It lies between the coast and the Volscian Mountains, and is known as the Pontine Marshes.

The area covers about 150,000 acres and consists of wonderfully fertile land, but in winter, when the muddy torrents sweep down from the mountains, thousands of acres are flooded, and the fields remain under water till the summer sun dries them up.

For over two thousand years these marshes have been the paradise of the baneful and treacherous mosquito that carries the malaria germ, and infects with the dreaded disease all human beings whom it bites. Thus what should be a thickly populated and thriving agricultural area is thinly inhabited and very pestilential.

Many Flourishing Cities

Knowing that nothing but proper drainage could render this district habitable by man, Julius Caesar determined to drain the Pontine Marshes, and he caused vast plans to be drawn up for getting rid of the water and freeing the land from the bane of recurring inundations and deadly malaria.

In the early days of the Roman Republic the region was healthy and densely populated, with many large and flourishing cities; but about 300 B.C. something happened—exactly what no one knows, though it is believed to have been an earthquake—and blocked up the natural outlet of the mountain waters. The ground along the coast was raised a few feet, and an extensive barrier of sand dunes was silted up between the plain and the sea.

The Centuries After Caesar

There is little doubt that, had he lived, Caesar would have drained the Pontine Marshes and given Italy a great rich country which would have been of untold value to her through the ages. But in 44 B.C. Caesar was assassinated and the scheme was abandoned.

In the fifth century Theodoric, king of the East Goths, ordered the marshes to be drained, but the work was badly carried out, and the condition of the Pontine Marshes gradually grew worse. The waters still accumulated, and the local landowners and inhabitants simply sought to pass them on to their neighbours. Constant quarrels resulted and led to virtual civil war and bloodshed.

Longest Lawsuit on Record

One family of great landowners began in 1230 a lawsuit against another family in connection with this passing on of the waters, and the litigation lasted 560 years, until 1790—probably the longest lawsuit on record.

Many attempts have since been made to drain the marshes, with varying success. A colony of Dutchmen was once introduced; the Dutch are experts in drainage, but in Italy they were not able to accomplish much owing to the malaria.

Now at last a really big effort is to be made, and all the latest devices of engineering science will be brought to bear upon the problem which Caesar might have solved. The mountain streams will be controlled by dams, an ancient canal to the sea will be re-dug, and pumping stations will be erected in the marshes themselves.

It is a gigantic enterprise, well worthy of a Caesar's efforts, and will cost over £12,500,000. Everyone will wish Italy well in her great enterprise.

MR. BROWN OF HOLYROOD

A MAN'S A MAN FOR ALL THAT

The Miner Enthroned as Lord High Commissioner

A CHANGE AND ITS MEANING

For a century and a quarter Scotland has been repeating with conviction the fine assurance of Robert Burns that "a man's a man for a' that."

Now it is about to prove its belief that, above all other things, true manhood takes the prize in that bonnie land.

It will prove it, in stately pageant before all the world, when James Brown, of the village of Annbank, once a miner and now an M.P., is enthroned as Lord High Commissioner at the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, in the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. During the meeting of the Assembly Mr. Brown will live, as the representative of the King, in the famous Holyrood Castle.

Atmosphere of True Religion

Surely social distinctions cannot be dropped anywhere so appropriately as in the Churches. All the devices of earthly rank grow mean when we come into the atmosphere of true religion.

Everyone knows that as a Christian man Mr. Brown is fit, by his life and influence, to represent the King at the historic Assembly of the Scottish Church, and any objection that he is disqualified because he has not been endowed with mere earthly rank is offensive almost to the point of blasphemy. It would make the inward truth of religion a smaller thing than our little forms of dignity.

When we have settled that it is the man who matters most, however, there is a historic appropriateness in Mr. James Brown holding his office in a way that suitably preserves its quaint story. How came the Lord High Commissioner to be attending the Assembly in state? It sprang from the suspicion which kingly persons once had of any kind of assemblies. Might not such assemblies be dangerous?

The King's Representative

The reply of the Scottish Assembly to that suggestion was—Let the King himself come and see, or let him send his representative. The King did go to see the character of that grave Assembly, and later he sent his representative. Now the representative of the King is selected by the Government, with the King's approval, and still he goes in state in place of the King. He goes as His Grace, accompanied by his wife as Her Grace, with maids of honour in attendance. James Brown is the chosen man who fills this office as proxy for the King, and his wife's maids of honour are the Misses Haining, daughters of the shoemaker of the village of Annbank.

To Mr. Brown, as proxy for the King, the keys of Edinburgh will be handed when he enters Edinburgh officially. For the time being he is supreme there.

In Ancient Holyrood

He lives in semi-royal state in the ancient, memory-haunted palace of Holyrood. As he makes his progress through the street, he will be saluted by the firing of cannon, and he will watch the proceedings of the Assembly as representative of the King, where in years before he has attended as a representative elder.

It is all a piece of history prolonged into these modern days; and very rightly there comes into it the modern spirit, which says that for this survival of pageantry the plain man of honour and virtue and religious reverence, serving his Church, is as fit as any other. It is a welcome consecration of the truth that it is the man that matters, and not his titles or trappings, though they, too, may have a historic appropriateness, and we would not despise them.

STRANGE LIFE-STORY OF A BEETLE

Small Creature that Destroys the Tobacco Plant

By a South Kensington Correspondent

Much damage is being done to tobacco crops in the United States by a small brown flea-beetle, which bites holes in the leaves. The damage is greatest in fields that are shaded by an overhead meshwork of ropes held up by posts. The shade-grown leaves are the best for cigar wrappers, but are valueless with holes in them.

Besides the injuries inflicted by the beetles, the leaves are attacked by the beetle's larvae. The larvae hatch out from their pearly-white eggs, laid on the leaves, to find themselves on an extensive area of food, which they instantly begin eating, and, so long as the leaves have not been sprayed with poisons, all goes well with them.

When full grown, the larvae crawl down the plant and burrow into the soil, where each one sets about making a tiny oval-shaped cell, in which it changes to a pupa. From this stage it develops in about a week into a beetle that repeats its parents' depredations.

CROWS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Chance for a New Pied Piper

Constantinople badly wants a Pied Piper. It is plagued with crows as Hamelin was with rats.

The plague is worst in the suburb of Makrikeuy, where the elders have decided that every man between 18 and 50 must be his own Pied Piper.

They give him free powder and shot, and encourage him to use them by a fine of a heap of piastres amounting to about three shillings if he cannot produce at least one of the marauding birds.

The younger citizens enjoy the sport, making the roads unsafe for passers-by. The lazy people buy dead crows from them at prices which vary with the danger of the fine.

Not all the crows, however, have waited to be shot. They have migrated to Scutari on the other side of the Straits and to the islands. The people there are protesting, but it would seem that they should turn sportsmen too.

THE BOY ON THE CLIFF

A Young Scot's Heroism

A fine story of a boy's heroism comes from Aberdeen.

Some Fraserburgh boys were fishing from a rock at Kinnaird Head, when one of them, aged 12, fell into the sea. One of his companions, Alec West, son of a skipper, climbed down the rock face to his rescue while the others ran for help.

Digging his fingers and one foot into niches on the rock face, he held out his leg for the fallen boy to clutch; but the boy became unconscious and let go. West, precariously perched as he was, stretched down one hand, seized his friend by the collar, and so held him till help arrived.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND

A Better Use for It

Some good friends of the C.N. called the other day to leave the Editor a jolly little box made on Robinson Crusoe's island, and if our friends are now back at school in Valparaiso the Editor sends his greetings as he looks across his room at the box.

The Chilean Government is now planning to convert Robinson Crusoe's Island into a public park.

This island, Juan Fernandez, is twelve miles long by six miles wide, and has been used as a penal colony for some time. Now the authorities are going to make a better use of its beautiful scenery, a use of which we are sure our old friend Crusoe would heartily approve.

MEXICO 6000 YEARS AGO

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF THE SUN AND MOON

Old Civilisations Wiped Out by Fire and Flood

STORY TOLD BY LAYERS OF EARTH

From Our Mexico Correspondent

Scientific excavation and inquiry by Mr. William Niven and other men of science have resulted in the accumulation of new facts which completely change our idea of the antiquity of the earliest inhabitants of the Valley of Mexico.

Ancient bones, pottery, and ornaments disclosed by a close examination of the strata in widely scattered localities have a story to tell that rivals all we have heard of the Maya civilisation of Central America.

Five more or less well-defined strata, each representing a distinct civilisation, were found. In the deepest layer, from 10 to 13 feet down and in a sandy soil, were remnants of a primitive race whose utensils and ornaments were of a very simple and crude kind.

On the Edge of the Lava Field

These people belonged to the New Stone Age, and their civilisation has been called the Pedregal civilisation, because the excavations which led to their discovery were conducted on the edge of the pedregal, or great lava-field, beneath which numbers of them were engulfed.

This race is believed to have occupied the Valley of Mexico towards the end of the Glacial Epoch, about 4000 to 5000 years B.C., and to have arrived by a northern route.

They continued in the Valley until about 3000 B.C., when long dormant volcanoes surrounding it became active again, the eruption taking place through new fissures and weak-spots, and not through the old craters and vents.

A New Race Comes to the Valley

Vast quantities of ashes and great streams of lava were scattered far and wide, wiping out the inhabitants and making the southern part of the Valley uninhabitable for several hundred years. In many places the lava is from 40 to 50 feet thick.

Between 2500 and 2000 B.C. there settled in the Valley a new race, which continued for about 500 years. The little clay heads it left behind are of a Mongolian type, with slanted eyes, broad, flattish noses, and prominent cheekbones. Its civilisation was gradually ousted or absorbed by a race which established itself between 2000 and 1500 B.C., a race said to have comprised artists, and men of the highest culture, and considered to be the builders of the great pyramids of the Sun and Moon. Some maintain they came from Egypt; others consider India the country of their origin. In any case, the clay heads and ornaments found in their period remind one somewhat of Egyptian culture.

The Great Flood's Work

They lived in the Valley for close on three thousand years, until about 800 A.D., when another catastrophe, seemingly a great flood, visited the Valley, destroyed their habitations, and buried everything under pumice and gravel.

Then came, from the Pacific coast, a race of ferocious, naked, and warlike barbarians, who wrought much destruction. They buried all the temples and monuments under layers of earth, which were soon covered with growing grass, giving them an appearance of simple hillocks, and thus saving them from the destructive hands of these savage hordes.

Last of the civilisations, represented by the layer nearest the surface, and about a yard deep, was that of a race from the North, in all probability related to the Red Indians.

EMILY BRONTE'S GOOD NAME

3 CLEVER GIRLS AND A WRETCHED BROTHER

How Branwell Loafed While His Sisters Worked

NONSENSE ABOUT WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Five people may live in one house, but each may live in a different world.

One cares only for engineering; if you cannot talk electricity, he has no use for you. Another grows listless the moment the conversation wanders from local gossip to world politics. One lives for games, another for books. So quite a number of people may have remained unmoved when a morning paper declared that Wuthering Heights was written by Branwell Brontë, and not by his sister Emily, who was said to have falsely set her own pen name to it.

Knight-Errants to the Rescue

Yet hundreds of people were filled with dismay at the thought. Emily Brontë, the poet of those immortal Last Lines, a forger! Who could enjoy breakfast and digest that horrible news at the same time?

But soon, with a jingling of harness, two knight-errants came cantering to the rescue. Mr. Edmund Gosse declared "I am all on the side of the angel sisters," and Mr. Clement Shorter struck shrewd blows in the same cause. They proved Emily innocent, and made us all happy again.

People have become sentimental about Branwell Brontë. They make much of his disappointed hope of studying painting in London. They pity him for being crossed in love. They commiserate with him for becoming, for a little while, long after the time his sisters were hard at work, a railway clerk. They seem to argue that these things, and the shabby, gloomy home, are ample excuse for his wretched downfall. This, however, is absurd: it is to say that it is useless to struggle against temptation.

Fighters in the Battle

In the same dreary surroundings with the same ill health, his sisters became noble characters and famous writers. He had always been the favourite, and was not sent to school lest his genius be crushed, while they were sent to the horrible institution which killed two of them. How was it that, on the same battle-ground, he lost and they won the battle? Perhaps it was because he was self-centred while they thought of others. Charlotte longed to make money to free Anne from the situation where she was a "patient persecuted stranger." Branwell was untroubled by the thought.

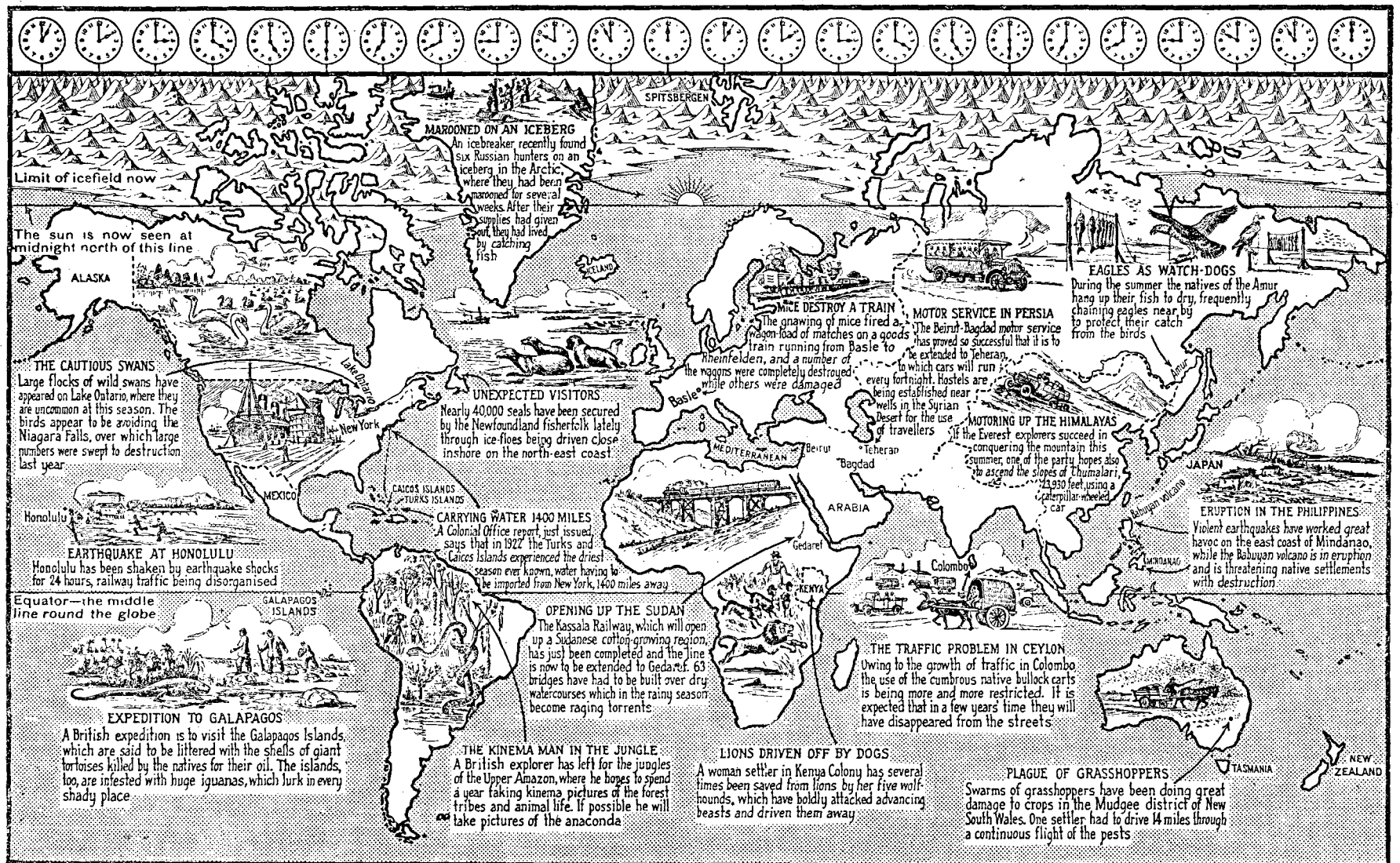
A Pathetic Letter

We are sorry for him when we hear how he pored over the map of London, the desired, unattainable city, until he was able to tell a Londoner, whom he met at the village inn, of short cuts that the townsman did not know; but we find a truer pathos in this letter to Emily from Charlotte, in the house where the governess was treated like a dog:

"Mine bonnie love, I was as glad of your letter as tongue can express. It is a real, genuine pleasure to hear from home: a thing to be saved till bedtime, when one has a moment's quiet and rest to enjoy it thoroughly. Write whenever you can. I could like to be at home. I could like to work in a mill. I could like to feel some mental liberty. I could like this weight of restraint to be taken off. But the holidays will come. Coraggio."

Courage! It was the watchword of these wonderful, ailing, poverty-stricken sisters; Branwell did not know the word.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AMERICA GIVES HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS Free Insurance Policies for its Fighting Men

CURIOUS SITUATION

Both the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States have now passed the Bill for bestowing fully-paid life insurance bonuses on all Americans who served in the war.

This will cost anything from 400 to 800 million pounds and will be met by borrowing, the amount being added to the National Debt.

A great many Congressmen and Senators who voted for the Bill think it is based on a wrong principle, but it has been pressed ever since the war ended, and it is believed that, with the elections coming on, they have not had the courage to oppose it.

Those who oppose the Bill say that it was perfectly right that in the case of men killed or disabled compensation should be paid, but the relations of men who came through safely will suffer no more by their death than the relations of men who were kept at home.

It is expected that the President will veto the Bill, but that if he does it will be carried over his head by the necessary two-thirds majorities. It is a curious situation, and even now the long dispute is not over, for the Democrats say that if they return to power they will pass a Bill enabling the men to exchange their insurances for cash during their own lives.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Galapagos . . .	Gah-lah-pah-gohss
Kraal	Krawl
Padua	Pad-u-ah
Paria	Pah-re-ah
Scutari	Skoo-tah-re
Theodoric	The-od-o-rik

CHILDREN'S PARLIAMENT

Czecho-Slovakia Copies Canada

Czecho-Slovakia, as a new country seeking for the best it can find, seems to be exceptionally open to new ideas.

It has promptly adopted the plan of a Boy Parliament which originated in Canada, and has opened a parliament for children, with the support of the Government behind it.

The first meeting of scholars, chosen by their schoolfellows to sit in the actual Parliament House of the country, in Prague, was held during Easter.

President Masaryk, whose daughter is said to have suggested the movement, was in the visitors' gallery as a spectator. M. Benes, the Foreign Minister, and a number of deputies also attended.

The understanding seems to have been that definite political questions of the moment should be avoided, and that the children should speak about the principles that underlie good citizenship, so that the effects of the discussions might be instructive. The aim was to lead the children to think about public affairs, and the onlookers were satisfied by the results.

Though the idea of a nation of trained talkers has its terrors, only good can come from trained thinking in nations new or old.

ADVENTURE WITH A SEA-LION

Men Dragged into the Water

Some fishermen on the Washington coast had an exciting adventure the other day.

They noticed a sea-lion basking on the rocks and lassoed it with a heavy rope. When the noose was fastened round the creature it started swiftly for the water, dragging two of the men in with it. One man, who had tied the rope about his waist, was only saved in the nick of time by a comrade hacking through the strands of the rope with a pocket-knife.

300 BOYS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Barrow Lads Have a Great Day

If a stranger had walked into the House of Commons the other day he might have thought that England had followed Canada's example and instituted a Boy Parliament, for the Government and Opposition Benches were filled with boys, and a boy even sat in the Speaker's chair.

But the boys were all strangers themselves. There were 300 of them, and they had come nearly 300 miles from Barrow-in-Furness to see the sights of London city.

They were the boys of Barrow Secondary School, and their visit to the Houses of Parliament was arranged by their local Member, Mr. D. G. Somerville, who, with six other M.P.s., was on the spot at eight in the morning to show them round. The boys had the procedure of the House explained to them, and the voting in the lobbies described.

It would be a splendid thing if every boy and girl could see our lovely Houses of Parliament under such happy circumstances as these.

FLAME FROM THE SEA

Like an Oil Volcano

People on ships sailing between Trinidad and Venezuela witnessed a wonderful sight a little while ago.

In the Gulf of Paria they saw huge flaming oil geysers rising from the water. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that earthquakes occasionally disturb the ocean bed and release vast quantities of oil and gas from the natural reservoirs beneath it. The gas and oil are forced upward by a pressure so tremendous that the friction with the salt water causes ignition and so produces these eruptions.

The geysers burn for two or three days until the pressure is exhausted.

HEARD BY WIRELESS

Time from Two Countries at Once

CRACKING NUTS AND EGGSHELLS

Our readers continue to send us, we are glad to say, further examples of the perfection of wireless transmissions.

The following interesting experience is from a wireless operator on board a ship at Bona, in North Africa:

"We have heard a good programme from Bournemouth, and then a band from London. Wasn't there a happy crowd at the dance that night! About 11.45 p.m. there was a fine speech by somebody, and then the hymn O God our Help in Ages Past. About five minutes to midnight they must have put the microphone out through the window, for we could hear train whistles, motor horns, tram bells, and shouts, and then Big Ben striking midnight."

A Birmingham reader was picking up the time signal from Nauen in Germany at midnight, when it happened that, owing to difference in wave-lengths, he could hear faintly a band in London, and after, at two minutes to midnight (at the same time as the Morse signals from Nauen), the chiming of Big Ben.

The first stroke of the hour by Big Ben was not exactly with the dash from Nauen which marked the instant of midnight. Either Big Ben was about half a second late, or Nauen was half a second fast.

A reader in South Wales says that his most interesting listening-in experience was when a dinner was going on. Not only did he hear snatches of conversation, but the cracking of nuts and the breaking of an eggshell—and the comments the diner made about the egg!

THE C.N. COLOUR PLATES

Another fine colour plate will be given with the C.N. next week, and this will show the latest engines of the Southern Railway and the London and North-Eastern Railway.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

MAY 17

1924

The Golden Pauper

FOR a week or two now the papers have been talking of Dame Britannia's housekeeping accounts, but how many of us stop to think where all these millions come from? Many people seem to think these vast sums are created by the State; but a rich man has been reminding us that "Governments are paupers living on the activities of the citizen."

He has just been round the world, and he noticed a very curious thing. Wherever there was most capital wages were high, hours of labour few, happiness and prosperity wide and deep; and wherever there was little capital wages were low, working hours were many, misery and wretchedness were wide and deep. What does this teach us? It teaches us that where men are free to invent, to develop, and to organise, where property is safe, and self-reliance is the very breath of existence, there capital increases, and with the increase of capital happiness is spread over an ever-widening territory of human life.

It is only by realising that Governments are paupers that citizens can be made to see the political problem in its true light. So long as we say "the Government ought to do this" or "the Government could alter that" we are seeing our troubles in a false light. The Government neither creates money nor earns money. All money is created and earned by the private citizen. What the Government does is to take from the private citizen a part of his earnings, and spend it on the whole of society.

So we see that it is a part of our national duty to work hard, and that in working hard for ourselves we are by no means acting selfishly. We see, too, that if we want to get rid of slums and wretchedness we must increase the wealth of the country, and thus enable the Government to act for us in those directions. What we want is more wealth, and every man who helps to increase the wealth of Britain is a useful patriot.

There is a danger against which none of us is too young to guard himself, the danger of looking to the State for a quick medicine which will put things right. Better for us is it to tackle the evils ourselves.

Wembley may help us. The romance, the glory, the miracle, of the British Empire is the creation of no Government, but the achievement of men and women who relied on themselves and conquered difficulty often in the face of opposition from the State.

Let us look to ourselves. Do not let us get into the unworthy habit of begging from a pauper.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Air and Water

WE have been looking into an old school book, and an odd thought comes out of it.

The great need of the fish is air, we read. And the fish lives in water. The great need of human beings is water, we read. And human beings live in air.

An interesting world to think about.

Never, Never, Never

A FRIEND of ours took part the other day in a great patriotic demonstration. At the close of the proceedings everybody stood up, and, to the accompaniment of much brass music, sang, with extreme fervour, "Britons never shall be slaves."

"And there was not one of us there," our friend said afterwards, "who was not a slave to one kind of weakness or another!"

What a world it will be when the same passion is felt for moral freedom as our fathers once felt for political liberty. Think of the nations standing up and singing:

Rule, Great Father; Great Father, rule Earth's din;

Mankind never, never shall be slaves to Sin. That is the next step.

Nature Still Ahead

IN Sir Oliver Lodge's latest book on the Making of Man there is a footnote which makes one think as much as many whole chapters in other works.

He tells us that in a chrysalis the structure of the larva disappears into formless pulp with the sole exception of the nervous system. Out of this mere pulp of death the almost invisible nervous system creates an entirely new creature—the butterfly.

Wireless seems a rather small thing after this.

An Ugly Building for London

A VERY ugly building has just been built near Victoria Station, and it reminds us of the excellent thing a great architect said the other day, when he spoke of buildings as having either good or bad manners.

It reminds us that in one sense there is no such thing as a private house, because the outside of a building is public, and forms part of the scenery. If, therefore, a man is allowed to put up an ugly building, he does a public wrong because he makes life ugly.

It is a great misfortune when skyscrapers tower above churches and town halls, and when vulgar buildings are given undue prominence, thrusting themselves forward with bad manners at the expense of better things. London is threatened with skyscrapers which would kill the beauty of the work of such men as Christopher Wren, and we hope the County Council will see that such bad manners in building are not allowed.

Is It There?

A correspondent who does not believe in everything sends us this note.

"WHAT! You haven't been to Wembley? Oh, my dear, you must go. It's wonderful. They've got everything there; everything."

"What do you mean by everything?"

"Oh—you know! Everything you can think of. Everything there is."

"Good! I'll certainly go. I lost my umbrella last week. Perhaps they've got it!"

Tip-Cat

THE French are described as a wiry race. To be up-to-date they should be wireless.

THE gentleman who urges that we ought to let our clothes speak for themselves is probably fond of loud patterns.

FOOTBALLERS say cricket is slow. Yet it is so often over before it is done.

WE get out of the world (says Sir Harry Lauder) what we put into it. Unless somebody else gets it out first.

AN inventor is trying to make the films talk. We have heard some of the "stars" on the wireless and would rather they did not talk on the screen.

WOMEN are taking up the walking-stick. We hope they are not going to make a hit with it.

A VISIT to England is described by an American writer as "an outstanding event." Poor fellow! Evidently he couldn't find a house.

THE sun shows up shabby clothes. Not, however, by taking the shine out of them.

An Epitaph

ONE of the most striking epitaphs we have come across was composed by a brilliant but unhappy man of science in the last century:

I was not: I loved: I am not.

It is interesting because he summed up the whole activity of his brilliant and famous life in the words *I loved*. But he finished by saying, "I am not," so that, with all his learning, he did not know that the greatness of love is man's assurance of immortality.

All's Right with the World

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING

As Bad as She

My studies seem trivial and vain,
My logician infant could floor,
What use can I make of my brain
When Ellen looks in at the door?

No magic has Plato to please,
Old Bacon's a dithering bore,
While Einstein becomes a disease,
When Ellen looks in at the door.

THE sea offers rapture and fun,
There's laughter and joy on the moor,
Life's nothing but flowers and fun
When Ellen looks in at the door.

SHE ought to be learning to spell,
Her arithmetic's horribly poor;
But I must play truant as well
When Ellen looks in at the door.

H. B.

The Welcome

By Our Country Girl

ALTHOUGH her curls are white, her complexion is still of that wild-rose tint which girls of eighteen desire, sometimes possess, and sometimes buy or borrow.

"I suppose it is because you are Irish," I said; "there seems to be something in the moist climate of Ireland that makes for sad poetry and lovely skins."

"But I'm Irish only in name," she replied. "How well I remember the first visit to my husband's native village! I felt sure everyone would think it a pity he hadn't married one of his own countrywomen. I was quite certain there would be no welcome, even if there were not downright unfriendliness. But I didn't know the warmth of Irish hearts. I met with kindness, not only from my new relations, but also from the peasants who remembered 'Master Frederick' before he was short-coated. One old man came up to me in the road, as I was walking alone, and cried, 'You're Mrs. Frederick, aren't you? Yes, I knew you were! I recognised you by your likeness to your mother-in-law.'"

My Mother

America has been keeping Mother's Day, as explained in another column.

WHO sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother. JANE TAYLOR

POLAND RECOVERING

BRITISH PROPOSALS BEING CARRIED OUT

New Hope for a Much-Tried Country

PEOPLE SAVING MORE

By Our Poland Correspondent

The report of Mr. Hilton Young to Poland is yielding many good results.

He came as financial expert to give his opinion to the Government. His proposals for saving the country from financial ruin were simple: more taxes, fewer officials, and higher railway fares. It must be remembered that Polish railways belong to the Government, which had to pay enormous sums to cover their deficit when it took them over.

Mr. Young's proposals were accepted, people were taxed, many Government offices were closed down, and railway fares went up four hundred per cent. The result was that the Polish mark ceased to fall.

A Vital Matter

But Mr. Hilton Young has done more than that. In his report on the financial position in Poland he expressed his firm belief that the country can get over its difficulties, that its position is far from being hopeless. This was said when Polish finances were at their worst.

Those who have never lived in a country with a currency fluctuating from day to day cannot understand how vital is a sound financial position to every individual. There is nothing more depressing than the feeling that, whatever efforts you make, however hard you work, the money you gain keeps its value for a few days or a few hours only; that it must be spent as soon as earned; that saving is not safe. Such a state of things kills trade, all private enterprise, and all sense of economy.

Why People Lost Faith

A man gets his weekly pay, and a day or two later finds that prices of food and clothing have gone up a hundred per cent. Now his money can carry him through only half the week, and he has to cut down his expenses to the minimum. The depression due to this state of things was felt by every man and woman in Poland; people lost faith in themselves. Suddenly came an Englishman, who said: "You can save yourselves if you make certain sacrifices."

A new hope dawned upon the nation. Everybody wanted to help. When the Government made an appeal for a loan the whole country responded to it. The army declared war on the misery in Poland, and all the regiments rivalled each other in buying Government bonds. In six days 10,757 bonds were bought by the army, representing the value of fifty thousand pounds.

A Precious Gift

The public interest in these bonds has been growing rapidly, and it is now stated that the purchase of bonds in the last two months has been twice as great as in the previous four years!

And there is another piece of good news to cheer the Polish people. The miners in the Silesian coalfields have decided to work voluntarily half an hour longer every day on condition that the price of coal shall be reduced by fifteen per cent. They could not afford to buy bonds, but their gift to the country is far more precious, because the reduction in the price of coal means greater activity in industries, and therefore more exports, bringing more money into Poland.

THE SALMON THAT WENT HOME

A SALMON that took its passport with it travelled over two thousand miles last year to get back to its home river for its wedding.

The salmon was ticketed with the number 10,358 by the United States Bureau of Fisheries, which took it out of the waters near Unga Island, Alaska, put the ticketed number on its tail, and then released it with ten thousand other salmon in order to find where Alaskan salmon come from, and where they go.

Salmon, according to the bidding of some law of Nature, always return after their years of voyaging in the sea to the river where they begin life as an egg; and Number 10,358 provided no exception to the mysterious rule. Released on July 4, it set off straight

across the North Pacific to its Siberian home, where, on August 18, in the Pan-kara River, near Karagin, in Kamchatka, it ended its brave journey by falling into the net of a fisherman. The unsympathetic fisherman, alas! ate it after catching it, but, noticing the tag, reported his catch to the local authorities, and thus Number 10,358, a dog salmon of the breed known as Oncorhynchus, was identified and its reputation as a traveller established.

There are, of course, hundreds of thousands like it, and perhaps one need not feel too sorry for its fate, for few are the salmon which, having returned to their home river to spawn, and thus lay the foundation for coming generations of salmon, ever do get back to the sea to renew their wanderings.

FROM THE EDITOR'S WINDOW



The great figure of Justice on top of the Central Criminal Court in London, better known as the Old Bailey, has been having a spring clean. This figure, which stands over 300 feet above the pavement, is 18 feet high, and, as can be seen, the scale pans are big enough for a man to sit in each.

CAN THE EMPIRE GROW ITS COTTON?

IF Lancashire is to retain its cotton industry the British Empire must grow its own cotton.

That is now clear, for, with the cotton boll weevil still busy crippling America's cotton production, and America's own demands still growing, no adequate supplies are ever likely to reach us again from the other side of the Atlantic.

The critical state of Lancashire's cotton industry has led all who are interested to cooperate for fostering cotton growing in the Empire, and a big fund is now being formed for the purpose. It is obtained by levying a sum of sixpence on every bale of cotton imported into and spun in the United Kingdom. By an Act of Parliament passed last year all spinners must pay this levy.

The money is used to encourage cotton growing in suitable places, such

as Uganda. Twenty years ago practically no cotton was grown there; now the output is 90,000 bales, weighing 400 pounds each. It is excellent cotton, equal to that of America, and with plenty of native labour it is expected that in a year or two Uganda will become a great producer of this important and necessary commodity.

The Empire Cotton-Growing Corporation, which directs the spending of the fund, operates over a very wide area, and at the present time it is doing much to foster cotton growing in Australia. Queensland is proving a very suitable country for cotton.

The change which is coming over the cotton industry is proved by the fact that while in 1913 about 86 per cent of the cotton used in Britain was American, only 65 per cent is American today.

800 MILLIONS

NATION'S HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNT

First British Budget of a Labour Government

WHAT IT DOES

It is a long time since there was a Budget interesting so many people as that introduced the other day by the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden. It provided for an expenditure of 800 million pounds this year.

Every housewife is interested in the halving of the duty on tea, cocoa, and coffee, the withdrawal of the extra duty on dried fruits, and especially the reduction of the sugar duty by three-halfpence a pound. This last even the children will rejoice at (to say nothing of the freeing of lemonade and ginger-beer), for it means, besides cheaper sugar at meals, cheaper sweets, and cheaper puddings and cakes.

Sugar is necessary to health, and only the cost of the war justified the heavy duty put on it. But our consumption of sugar is so great that any reduction of duty means a great loss to the revenue.

A Costly Reduction

The reduction now made means giving up an income of over 17 million pounds—equal to the cost of all the other reductions put together!

Another much smaller and less costly reduction which will be popular is the abolition of the entertainment tax on tickets costing sixpence and under. It was perhaps a little hard to tax the amusements of people who could only afford that much for them.

Householders are rejoicing in the abolition of the Inhabited House Duty, and business men in the abolition of the Corporation Profits Tax. This tax was never satisfactory, for it fell unequally on different kinds of business companies.

But the change that is causing most controversy is the abolition of what are known as the McKenna duties. These were taxes on imported luxuries, put on during the war to reduce unnecessary imports, so as to leave more ship-room for food and ammunition. Motor-cars, cinema films, and pianos were the most important imports taxed.

Time for Adjustment

The trouble is that taxes of this kind, once put on, cannot be taken off again without causing hardship and dislocation of trade. In order to give the trades time to adjust themselves to the new conditions, the taxes are not to come in force till August.

The idea of those who have taken off these taxes is that if, for a time, fewer home-made motor-cars are sold—which is by no means certain, if they can be made cheaper—people who have less to pay for cars will have more money to spare for other things, so that trade generally may be stimulated. The less trade is subjected to artificial restrictions the brisker it will be, and the more widespread its benefits.

ROAD OF REMEMBRANCE

Folkestone Does a Fine Thing

There is a road at Folkestone, going down from the promenade to the harbour, along which, throughout the Great War, tens of thousands of troops from all parts of the Empire marched to embark for the battlefields.

Hundreds of bushes of "rosemary for remembrance" have been planted on either side, and now a memorial record has been put up by the Town Council. "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them," says the memorial. And indeed we must never forget.

SHIP'S MENAGERIE

FROM AFRICA TO EDINBURGH

Creatures so Wild that They are Tame

A SAILOR'S PET

By a Correspondent at Marseilles

Aboard the Bampton Castle, calling at Marseilles on its homeward voyage from Africa and Mauritius, was a collection of wild animals destined chiefly for the Edinburgh Zoo.

Comfortable quarters, largely consisting of converted packing cases, were arranged for them on the deck and in the fore-castle.

We were first introduced to George, a young lion, whose teeth and claws had been filed by way of precaution. He looked at you sleepily out of his great tawny eyes—very wide awake at night, by the way!—and gave you a playful pat with his big paddy-paw; a pat that made you wonder what it would feel like to meet the giant in his strength, though probably in that case you would not have much time to feel anything.

The Sergeant Salutes

Next to him were two silent black buffaloes, who offered their noses to be rubbed through the bars; and in a big compartment in the fore-castle was a medley of all sorts, in which monkeys predominated, some in cages, others swinging round on tethers long enough to enable them to land unexpectedly on the shoulders of unsuspecting persons and tangle them up in the strings.

Among them were two black and white ones, with long white fringes and tails, a species never before seen alive in Europe.

In one cage was the most charming pair, obviously twins, with fluffy white shirt-fronts and black faces, who sat side by side in solemn silence in a corner and gazed steadily out at you without a gesture of any kind.

Last of all was the Sergeant, who, when he could be induced to give up eating nuts, sat bolt upright on a bulgy sack and remained at the salute, rigid as a rock, for minutes together.

There were also three lovely, tender-eyed young gazelles—dainty, graceful creatures, who timidly poked out their heads to be stroked.

Python's One Meal

Their next-door neighbour, a great python, would probably have made short work of them had he had the chance. As it was, he had so far only condescended to have one meal during the voyage, and that had been forced down with the aid of a bamboo stick. When we saw him he was sulkily coiled up in his cage and refused to give any sign of life.

Most attractive of all was the round-faced baby cheetah, with thick, tawny, speckled coat and long, lithe body. The pet of the ship, it spent half its time on deck playing round the adoring crew.

The snarling leopards—and, presumably, the python—were the only creatures on that ship that did not appear to look on man as their best friend; and one of the officers told us that the bad temper of the leopards was attributed to the fact that they had been cruelly treated when small by the natives from whom they had been bought.

Surely the beautiful land spoken of by the poet, inhabited by creatures "so wild that they were tame," is no impossible dream. *Picture on page 12*

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Fifteen Marshall Islands stamps	£115
A Swiss 4 cents stamp, 1849	£36
A Charles I silver strainer	£25

SCOUTS HAVE A GOOD TIME

Boys as Builders of Knowledge

HELPING AMERICA'S GREAT MUSEUM

Boy Scouts in England must feel very envious of those of the brotherhood in America who are working in the American Museum of Natural History, that splendid institution known all the world over for its love of doing good things well.

Good Donald Hutson lent these Scouts his bungalow near Brown's Mills, in the pines of New Jersey; a friend of the Scouts sent them fifty dollars, and there the Scouts have just had their first winter expedition.

Finely they enjoyed it, too, out all day, and good meals and roaring fires at night, built of the logs they had hauled and split. By that time they were almost too sleepy to sort out their specimens; but they managed it.

The Scouts were after insects and spiders for their beloved master, the Natural History Museum of America. They left nothing undone that would disturb the little creatures in their winter sleep among the pine needles, in the heart of old stumps. They discovered that blowing smoke among the siftings of the pine needles stirred the insects up a bit, and made them look less like tiny bits of stick or twigs or seeds.

There had been snow two days before, the ground was hard, and some of the lumps of pine needles had to be brought indoors and melted before they could be examined. But in the old oak stumps, and among the needles, the Scouts found a most interesting lot of larvae and insects, which they carried off for the Scout Laboratory at the Museum, some alive, some properly preserved in alcohol or formalin.

The Natural History Museum was pleased with their efforts, and we hear that other expeditions are in store. It is an admirable idea for Scouts to be builders-up of the great temple of knowledge as well as builders-up of the great temple of brotherhood.

BREAKING DISHES

Eight Thousand Pieces Gone

That wonderful American organisation known as the Bureau of Standards has been conducting a series of tests as to the service and durability of various kinds of glass and chinaware.

Already 6000 samples of glass and 2000 pieces of china have been broken by instruments recording the stress required to shatter them, and a definite report will soon be issued for the benefit of hotels and other concerns using china in large quantities.

The importance of this will be realised when it is stated that one large New York hotel alone spends over £7000 a year in replacing broken chinaware.

The report will also be received with a great deal of interest by contractors and others using plate and window glass.

A CAR MOVES ITS OWN GARAGE

Carried Through the Streets for a Mile

A strange sight was seen in the streets of Ypsilanti, Michigan, the other day.

A motor-car moved up the roadway carrying with it its garage, which was being moved to a new site a mile away.

Stout timbers were laid across the car and tied in position. Then the garage, a large wooden structure, was jacked up off the ground and rested on the timbers, and the car set in motion.

Without a hitch of any kind the car went to the new site with the garage on its shoulders, as it were, and when it arrived the building was slowly let down on the ground. Probably this was the first time a car has moved its own garage.

POLISH BOY'S RISE

Working His Way to a Professor's Chair

THE SPIRIT THAT NEVER FAILS

A very interesting story is told of a poor boy immigrant who arrived in America penniless about thirteen years ago, and who is now a professor at Drake University, at Des Moines, Iowa.

The son of a poor Polish peasant, his father had not enough money to keep his big family of eight children, so Stephen Mierzwa, the eldest boy, had to make his own living.

He was longing to go to America, though he did not know a word of English. All he knew was that there were some Poles working at Northampton, in Massachusetts, and there he went. He landed at Northampton penniless, but soon got work in a basket factory, where he earned five dollars a week. Three dollars a week he spent on living, and the rest he saved.

Stephen began to learn English. He went to evening classes and devoted all his free time to study. Unhappily, the basket factory was burned down, and Stephen had to do all sorts of odd jobs, such as bricklaying and working in cotton mills and on tobacco farms.

The Love of Study

By that time he had reached the age of 20, but his love of study was so strong that, in spite of his age, he entered a preparatory school, working harder and harder to pay the expenses. In three years he was able to go to Amherst College. He did not mind, while he was a student of a college, washing dishes in boarding-houses, beating rugs, or mowing lawns; all this helped him to pay for his studies. During the holidays he worked as an attendant in a hospital.

In 1919 he graduated with honours from Amherst, and also won a scholarship at Harvard. After obtaining his Master of Arts degree at Harvard, he became professor at the Drake University, and this autumn he is going to Harvard again for another degree.

COAL UNDER A CITY

Shall Sheffield Get it Out?

FIRST CLAIM UNDER A NEW ACT

Some of the finest coal in England lies under Sheffield, and the question is now being discussed whether this coal should be dug out for use.

The area of the city affected is about 600 acres, and the Nunnery Colliery has applied to the Railway and Canal Commission for permission to work the seams. Naturally, if the seams are worked there will be an increase of employment in the district, and the Nunnery Colliery, having underground workings adjoining, could get out the coal economically. It would never pay to sink new shafts for so small an area, and so, if the coal is not worked now, it is never likely to be dug out.

It is further claimed that by working these seams under the city, Sheffield's rates would be relieved to the extent of £10,000 a year for the period during which the coal was being worked.

There are those who fear that some damage might happen now or in the future to the streets and houses immediately over the seams, but it is pointed out that this risk could be easily guarded against. Objections may be lodged up till May 21, and then, if these are considered important, the whole matter will be threshed out at an inquiry.

It is an interesting question, and the application of the Nunnery Colliery is the first under a new Mines Act passed last year.

EYES AND NO EYES

WHAT DO PEOPLE LOOK AT?

The Townsfolk on One of Nature's Great Hilltops

A C.N. READER LOOKS ON

Is there any accounting for human nature? One of the most terrible things in the world is to be blind, and, surely, one would think, if a blind man were suddenly to have his sight restored, his first joy would be to behold the trees and the birds and the glorious pageant of Nature.

But would it? The question is asked by a friend of the C.N. who on a Sunday last summer tramped across Walton Heath to the top of Reigate Hill, overlooking one of the finest views in Surrey. The guide-book says of it that it is a view such as probably no other country than England can boast, for, from a point not far away, the view extends from the borders of Hampshire over a great part of Surrey and Sussex to the Weald country of Kent. In the distance rise the rounded outlines of the South Downs, strongly marked toward evening by the deep shadows of their hollows.

Watching the Clouds

The guide-book tells us, too, that Chanctonbury Ring above Worthing, Leith Hill, the bare heights of Hindhead, and Crowborough Beacon, the highest point on the Sussex forest ridge, can be seen from hereabouts.

The C.N. friend lay under the Sun for an hour and watched the clouds chase each other over the fields and woods, over peaceful Reigate and Redhill to the far-off misty Downs.

Two hundred people, mostly from the grime of the great city, were around him to share his pleasure. Some, mostly aged, sat quietly and enjoyed the view; younger ones frisked about; others made it merely an eating-ground and surrounded themselves with orange peel, banana skins, and paper bags. Most had come by bus, and they had certainly come to see the view.

Looking in the Wrong Direction

But the motorists were most astonishing; they had come in parties in four-seaters, little two-seaters, side-cars, and on motor-cycles. Did they admire the glorious country? Almost without exception, our correspondent noted, they got out and sat or lay down on the steep bank by the roadside with their backs to the view, and there, in the hot Sun and in an atmosphere of dust, petrol stench, and oil fumes, they concentrated on watching the laborious efforts of big and little cars, omnibuses, motor-cycles, and crouching cyclists to climb the steep crest of the hill.

Few of them did more than glance at the wonderful natural picture that lay behind them, yet that is what they must have come for, for in the blindness of the grimy city all the dust and petrol and oil fumes that man can desire can be breathed in on his doorstep. So if a blind man could have his sight and be carried to this glorious outlook would he survey it gladly with joy for the precious gift of sight, or turn his back upon it to gaze on the grating, groaning, roaring, churning efforts of various mechanisms to surmount a hill?

COFFEE

A Clean Bill of Health

Great interest has been aroused by the report of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology dispelling the general belief that coffee is harmful to the human system.

After years of painstaking investigation, the Institute announces that this beverage is remarkably stimulating, and neither produces depression nor draws on the physical reserves of the body.

The document is very lengthy, and completely exonerates coffee from all the charges made against it.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 28

Mrs. Halifax Agrees

At the Indians' yell some of the white men leaped nervously towards their guns. Eagle Feather stopped them with a gesture and his friendly smile.

"The warriors do not shout because they are angry, but for pleasure," he said. "They have been watching, and are glad at what the white man has done."

"Ask them to come into the camp and eat with us!" said Mr. Halifax.

But Eagle Feather shook his head. "They came as watchers, not as guests," he said, and with another gesture full of dignity he motioned the Indians back into the woods.

Instantly the long line of painted warriors turned and disappeared.

The white settlers were agape with admiration at the Indian boy's self-control and power.

"You trust us then?" said Mr. Halifax, approaching Eagle Feather.

"You will stay with us alone?"

Again the wide, friendly smile flashed across Eagle Feather's face.

"I trust my friend David, and his father is my father!"

The squaws had gone down into the centre of the camp, and were now unpacking their loads.

"Davie!" called Mrs. Halifax. "Come and tell us what all this means!"

David and his father, with Eagle Feather, went over to the group and found the Indian squaws making grotesque gestures to explain that the things they bore were gifts for the white people.

"These are gifts from Cornstalk to show his friendliness," explained David to his mother and the other women. "I think we should prepare a feast for the Indian women before they set out on their return journey, don't you, Mother?"

"Surely, surely!" answered Mrs. Halifax, smiling and bobbing to the friendly squaws. "We'll get something ready right away. Tell them to sit down and rest."

"Will you tell them, Eagle Feather?" said David.

Eagle Feather talked in the Shawnee dialect for a few minutes then, while the squaws smiled and nodded their heads at the white women to show they understood.

David's mother led the preparations for the meal. David took Eagle Feather over to talk awhile to his father and the other men, and then joined the group of women. His mind was very troubled. How should he break the news to his mother that Danny must leave them?

At last he asked her to come with him for a few minutes in the wagon. She left her work immediately and followed him.

"Mother," began David, when she was seated on a chest in the wagon and he sat on the floor at her feet, "you have no idea how kind the Indians were to me while I was with them. There are only a few who distrust us. And with reason."

"Have we given them any reason, Davie?" asked his mother gently.

"Yes," answered David. "You remember when little Lem Simpson was killed?"

Mrs. Halifax nodded. "Poor Mrs. Simpson!" she sighed.

"But we did a very wicked and thoughtless thing at that time," continued David. "In their anger and grief, some of the men went out to kill in revenge. The Shawnees had nothing to do with Lem's death, having pledged their word to keep friendship. But our men killed the only son of Blackfish, the Shawnee chieftain! Do you wonder he distrusts us?"

"Poor, poor Blackfish!" said Mrs. Halifax.

"His wife, the boy's mother, died of grief. And the loss of his only grandchild has saddened the lives of the old chief Cornstalk and his wife, Flying Bird. They were very kind to me, but we must make amends according to the Indians' code."

"What do you mean, Davie?" cried Mrs. Halifax.

"We must share Danny with them, for he is the same age as the boy who was killed."

The mother's face went white.

"Don't be afraid, Mother!" said David hastily.

"Flying Bird is a princess, and one of the sweetest women I have ever seen. She promised me she would treasure Dan as her own son. And Cornstalk promised me Dan should spend six months of every year with you."

"I cannot do it," whispered Mrs. Halifax, with shaking lips.

"Then I must go myself, Mother," said David gently, "for I promised."

"Then you mean that if I refuse to let Danny go the caravan will be in danger?" asked Mrs. Halifax.

"I mean, Mother, that if we refuse to give Blackfish that satisfaction his anger will be very terrible indeed. An Indian never forgets an injury, and Blackfish has many followers who consider him even a greater warrior than Cornstalk."

"They could scalp us all, men, women, and children!" whispered the poor woman, thinking of the other families in the caravan.

"But I cannot let Danny go! He is so young, so young!"

"But he is plucky," said David. "And he is a good boy. But I will go myself, Mother, if you would rather."

"I could not give you up, either," said Mrs. Halifax, making an effort to control her fears. "Besides, the caravan needs you. No, Danny must go!"

"You are very brave, Mother!" said David with feeling. He knew what her decision had cost her.

"Tell me about Cornstalk's wife Flying Bird!" she said.

So David told her about that gentle Shawnee princess, and when he finished Mrs. Halifax rose.

"She will be kind to Danny," she said. "I must send her a gift of goodwill."

David's mother searched in the bottom of an old chest, and brought to light a parcel wrapped carefully in homespun linen.

"You have never seen this, David," she said, taking out the parcel, a woman's dress of heavy red silk, trimmed with old lace. "Your grandmother brought it with her from England and asked me to give it to your bride when you should marry. I think I will send it as a gift to Flying Bird. You will not mind, will you, Davie?"

"I should like nothing better," answered David. "It will be no sacrifice to me, for I shall never want to marry."

"Wait till the time comes, Davie!" Mrs. Halifax laughed. "I'm glad I had this, though. It's a gift worthy of a princess."

CHAPTER 29

Danny Hears the News

REJOICED that his mother had met the ordeal so courageously, David went out to find his father, who, he was sure, would realise that the giving up of Danny for six months of the year was the only way to safety for the settlers.

He found Mr. Halifax and Eagle Feather deep in the discussion of the beauties and richness of the land beyond the Wilderness Trail to which the settlers were going. Eagle Feather had hunted there since his early boyhood.

"Eagle Feather says that the buffaloes roam the plains round Boonesborough in herds of several

thousand at a time. The noise of their stampeding is like the sound of a great thunderstorm," said Mr. Halifax, as David came up.

"There are elk, too, in great numbers," added the Indian boy, "and many deer. The deer come right to the door of your wigwam, to sniff at your things. But it is the wild pigs that give you a fight. And they are very good to eat. Three of them once charged me suddenly. I struck one of them with my tomahawk, but he got away with it in his neck. Another ran between my legs, and knocked me down. Then they were all three on me, and I had to stab upwards with my scalping-knife."

"Jumping snakes!" exclaimed an excited voice from the ground. "What happened then?"

Everyone looked down to see Danny, who had been sitting on the ground beside them, drinking in the Indian boy's tale.

"I killed them," answered Eagle Feather calmly. "Would you like to go hunting with the Indians, little brother?"

"Howling Jupiter!" answered Danny, with conviction. "Wouldn't I just!"

"Danny, be careful of your language," said Mr. Halifax mildly.

Eagle Feather meantime had glanced questioning at David. The white boy nodded in answer. It was time to tell his father and Daniel of the coming change.

"Chief Cornstalk has asked that Dan be allowed to become a member of the Shawnee tribe for six months of the year," said David to his father. "He promised me he should be treated in every way as a chief's son should be."

"He will be my brother," interposed Eagle Feather, with a friendly glance at Daniel.

Mr. Halifax looked at his son in amazement.

"But his mother will never allow it!" he said.

"Mother has agreed," said David, and went on to explain the serious circumstances that had led up to the proposal.

Mr. Halifax looked very serious when his son had finished. He felt very heavily his responsibility as leader of the expedition. In his own mind he was not wholly at rest as to Daniel's safety, but he felt that the risk must be run for the sake of the others. Therefore he agreed, with a grave face.

Danny, of course, was on fire to go. He did not really quite realise that it would mean parting from his mother for a long period. Eagle Feather had completely captivated him, and, next to David, had become a romantic hero in his eyes.

"Will you really let me ride out to the hunt with you?" cried Danny eagerly.

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"If you are brave and strong enough, little brother," replied the Indian boy. "And if you are not afraid of pain and fatigue."

David had a moment of weakness. His impulse was to say, "Be careful of him, Eagle Feather. He is not very strong. Don't expect too much at first."

But he refrained, and kept silence. He did not want to make Danny seem a coward or weakling in Eagle Feather's eyes. He knew the stern code of the Indians, who despise cowardice above all things and laugh at pain, hardening themselves to it from early infancy.

CHAPTER 30

The Welcome

THE feast was ready, and one of the white women came to call the guest of honour and the other men.

There was much laughing and joking at table, for all the settlers felt a great relief at the friendly attentions of Cornstalk. No one mentioned Daniel's going, for Mr. Halifax had wisely decided to let the boy go away as quietly as possible.

After dinner Eagle Feather said he would like to start back to his own camp. So Mrs. Halifax, with a heavy heart, got together Dan's few belongings, and made them into a pack.

David was to accompany Eagle Feather and his brother part of the way back, and, as far as the settlers knew, Daniel would return with him. There were presents of calico and glass beads, of woven cloth and samplers, for the squaws to take back to Cornstalk. Nancy, when David had told her of Daniel's departure, had said courageously, "So long as he's with Eagle Feather he'll be all right!"

She had given the Indian boy a handkerchief like David's, woven and embroidered by herself. This one had "He leadeth me in green pastures" embroidered on it in green and yellow thread, and Eagle Feather was as delighted as a child at the gift. He spelled out the words with Nancy's help, and secretly put the rosy-cheeked, laughing girl into his small circle of divinities.

The journey back to Cornstalk's camp was uneventful. The squaws again served the boys with food and shelter, and as they approached the village they saw all the warriors painted in festive colours, waiting to welcome the new son of the chief.

At the edge of the cliff overlooking the camp Eagle Feather sent the women ahead, and when he saw that the warriors had all caught sight of him standing there with Daniel, he turned with a dramatic gesture, and placed about the youngster's neck the royal necklace of bear's teeth that Blackfish had sent.

At that there was an uproar in the Indians' camp. The squaws beat the drums, the warriors yelled, the dogs barked. The dignified old chief walked slowly out with his sons by his side, and raised his hand in greeting as Daniel and Eagle Feather hurried down the steep zig-zag path over the face of the cliff.

Danny, excited and elated at his reception, saw the warriors forming in two lines about four feet apart.

He looked questioningly at Eagle Feather, who smiled and nodded in response.

"They are making up the gauntlet. You must run it," he said.

Danny had heard of running the gauntlet, and his face went white. But he pulled himself together, and started as fast as he could run between the lines of warriors.

A terrific blow from the first Indian caught him across the back and made him stagger. But, defending his face as best he could with his arms, he went on. Every Indian struck him as he passed. Danny's back and legs and head were beaten till he could no longer see where he was going. Still he clenched his teeth and staggered on until he fell, bruised and fainting, at Cornstalk's feet.

Who Was He?

A Poet Laureate

BORN in a Lincolnshire rectory in the year that Napoleon defeated the Austrians at the battle of Wagram and reached the height of his power, a young boy lived with his many brothers and sisters till he was seven, and then went to stay with his grandmother in a town not far away in order that he might attend the grammar school there.

He remained four years at the school, but the master was very strict and harsh, and the boy cherished no happy memories of his stay. Then he returned to the rectory, where his father continued his education till he went up to Cambridge University. There he met and became friendly with many young men who were later to become famous.

Several members of the family had shown talent in writing poetry, and this boy, when he was only 18, published, with one of his elder brothers, a volume of verse, many of the poems in which were written by the boys when they were 16 years old.

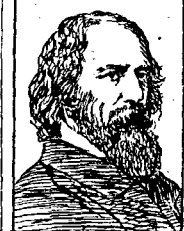
They received twenty pounds from a local publisher, but he made it a condition that half the amount was to be paid in books, and the two brothers spent part of the remainder in hiring a carriage and going for a long drive to the sea-coast.

In 1829 the younger of the poets won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge for a poem on Timbuctoo—surely a strange subject to set for such a purpose. A year later he published a volume of lyrics, which did not sell very well, and the next year he left Cambridge.

The poet's father died, and the young man now devoted himself to caring for his mother. A friend whom he met at Cambridge, and of whom he wrote, "He was as near perfection as mortal man could be," visited him much at Somersby, and became engaged to his sister. But he died young, and this sad loss greatly affected the poet and inspired him to write a long and splendid poem which is one of the classics of the language. In it he stored up the grief and meditation of many years. The poem was a great success, and, a good income now being assured to him, the poet married a lady with whom he had long been in love, and he used often to say, "The peace of God came into my life when I wedded her."

The poet wrote many other poems and became famous, among the greatest of his works being a series of poems dealing with the fine old British legends that have inspired so many other writers.

He was made poet laureate, and was afterwards raised to the peerage. When he died, at the good old age of 83, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



TO BE CONTINUED



The Lark at Heaven's Gate Doth Sing



DI MERRYMAN

"I ASKED you to send me young lettuce," said the customer. "Yes, ma'am," replied the green-grocer. "Wasn't it young?" "Young!" exclaimed the customer. "It was almost old enough to wash and dress itself!"

The Boasters

THREE tadpoles sat talking upon some grass
Of the wonderful things that would come to pass
When their tails were gone and they were frogs,
And could jump from the water and sit on logs.
But a jackass was watching them from a tree,
And down he flew and swallowed all three.
So instead of frogs they turned into him,
And flew into trees, and forgot how to swim.

Do You Live at Hunstanton?

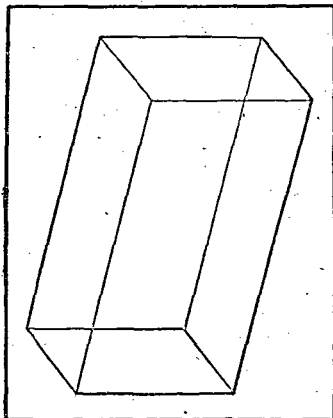
THIS name was originally spelled Hunstanestun, and means the town of Hunstan, no doubt the name of some chief or prominent person who lived in the neighbourhood eight or nine hundred years ago.

What Is It?

SOMETIMES I'm hard, at others soft,
In various shapes you've seen me off;
I'm round and square and oval too,
Or any pattern named by you;
Both large and small, each size between,
In colours numerous I'm seen;
You tread on me when out you walk;
I'm sometimes near akin to chalk;
Men give to me a kind of grace;
In every town I have a place,
Wherever houses may be found,
But I'm not always on the ground;
I tower high above your head,
And yet I'm on the ocean's bed;
A weight I am, well known in trade;
In fruit I'm often found, 'tis said;
Yet to be mineral I claim,
And ask you now to give my name.

Answer next week

An Optical Illusion



Look steadily at this outline drawing of a brick, and in a few seconds it will appear to tumble over. Soon you will not be sure whether it is standing on end or on its side.

How is it possible to set down ten thousand in six figures all alike? 9999%.

One Thing at a Time

ONE morning the chief looked up irritably from his desk and called out to the office boy: "Don't whistle while you're working, boy." "I'm not working, sir," was the cheerful reply.

WHY do little birds in their nests agree?
Because if they did not they would fall out.

Upside Down



AUGUSTUS FITZCLARENCE McBOHN Couldn't let acrobatics alone.
When he went for a swim 'Twas his curious whim
To stand on his head—as here shown.

Count the Cats

IN a square room there was a cat in each corner, a cat sitting opposite to each cat, a cat looking at each cat, and a cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats were there?
Four; a cat in each corner of the room.

Do You Know Me?

THINK what you will, in truth I am
No despicable figure,
Nor old, nor ugly, blind nor lame,
But full of life and vigour.
On either cheek an opening rose,
On either lip a ruby,
In either eye the crystal glows
As exquisite as may be.
Thanks to Dame Nature's power, I know
Nor care, nor pain, nor sorrow,
Else the fine bloom I boast of now
Might wither ere tomorrow.

Answer next week

The Optimist

A SMALL boy was sitting beside a muddy pool, fishing with a crooked stick and a bent pin on a string. An old gentleman passing by stopped and asked: "What are you fishing for, my lad?" "For sharks," replied the boy. "Sharks!" laughed the old gentleman. "But they don't live in that little pond." "Neither does anything else," said the boy, "so I thought I might as well fish for sharks."

The Flag with the White Cross

THE commander of a certain camp wanted to fly a flag with a white cross on a red ground. He had a square of red material and a larger oblong of white.
Of course, he could have cut a cross out of the white material and fastened it on the red square, but he wished that his flag should be as large as possible, and so, instead of cutting out the white cross and sewing it to the red square, he cut the red cloth into two pieces and sewed these together on the white oblong in such a way that he had a larger oblong of red, and the white space where they joined was in the form of a cross.
How did he do it? Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I?

Palm (date palm; coconut palm; palm of the hands; palm, to cheat.)

A Charade Night-shade

Monograms of Towns Lincoln, Bolton

Belinda's New Hat

IT was Wednesday and a half-holiday for Jacko, much to the joy of that young gentleman.

"Please, Mother, may Chimp come to tea?" he asked. "He's got a new engine and wants to show me how it works." "Very well," said his mother. "But you must play in the kitchen. I don't want the carpets spoilt with methylated spirits."

So Chimp came round and brought his engine with him. The water boiled in no time, and they had just connected a small lathe to the engine when the front door bell rang. It was Belinda, and she had come for some marmalade her mother had promised her.

By and by, when they were all having tea, Belinda said: "Sixpence for you and Chimp, Jacko, if you will carry my marmalade to the station for me. I want to take Mother to see a new hat that I've got my eye on."

"Rather," said Jacko eagerly. "But you're always buying new hats. What's the matter with the one you have on?" But Belinda only laughed and told him not to be cheeky.

Tea over, the boys set off in good time for the train, taking it in turns to carry the precious marmalade.

"I say, Chimp," said Jacko, when they got to the station, "let's spend that last twopence of yours. Belinda is going to give



Jacko put in his penny

us sixpence. There is a penny-in-the-slot machine on the platform with some fine chocolate caramels in it. Let's have a packet each."

That was good enough for Chimp, who was particularly fond of chocolate caramels.

"My turn first," said Jacko eagerly. "I thought of them. Catch hold of the jar."

He fished out his packet, and held the marmalade for Chimp. Then Chimp put his penny in, but it stuck. He pulled and pulled, determined not to lose the penny and the caramels too.

One final pull and out came the packet. But in the last violent effort he bumped into Jacko, who had come forward to give a hand. Jacko tripped over some luggage that had just been wheeled up, fell backwards, and crash went the precious marmalade!

At that unfortunate moment Chimp caught sight of Belinda, who was hurrying along the platform. She was staring at Jacko. "Get up, you bad boy!" she screamed. "You're sitting on my new hat!"

Jacko didn't wait to excuse himself: he jumped up as if he had been shot and took to his heels.

Needless to say, they didn't get the promised sixpence. Chimp didn't worry; he was too busy eating chocolate caramels.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Collie's Wise Ways

A Scottish reader sends an instance of a collie's knowing ways.

A shepherd's collie regularly attended sheep sales to help his master. He went on foot with the sheep and returned home by train.

One day, after the shepherd had sold the sheep, he told the dog to go home, as he was not going himself.

The dog at once made off to the railway station, entered an empty carriage, and got out at the right station.

After that he often travelled home alone by train. But once he boarded a train that passed the station. He at once knew he had made a mistake, and, leaping through the window at the next station, arrived home safely.

L'Intelligence d'un Colley

Un lecteur écossais nous fait parvenir un exemple de l'intelligence d'un colley.

Le colley d'un berger assistait régulièrement aux ventes de moutons, afin de seconder son maître. Il partait à pied avec les moutons et rentrait par le chemin de fer.

Un jour, après que le berger eut vendu ses moutons, il dit au chien de retourner à la maison, ne s'y rendant pas lui-même.

Le chien se dirigea immédiatement vers la gare, entra dans un compartiment vide, et descendit à la station qu'il fallait.

Après cela il lui arriva souvent de rentrer seul par le train. Mais, une fois, il monta dans un train qui ne s'arrêtait pas à la gare. Aussitôt, il découvrit son erreur et, sautant par la fenêtre, il arriva chez lui sain et sauf.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Old Swing

WHEN Betty and Gerald went to stay with Aunt Margaret they were delighted to find a lovely old garden behind the house.

It was just the kind of garden that children love—not a prim, tidy sort of place to look at and admire, but a real old-world garden, with old-fashioned flowers growing all over the place, and all sorts of surprises, like a green fig tree and a pond with goldfish in it, tucked away where you least expected to find them.

"Auntie," said Betty one day, "there's an orchard at the bottom of the garden. Does that belong to you?"

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret. "If you look, you'll find a gate in the hedge to take you into it."

They found the gate, and when they opened it and ran inside, Betty gave a squeal of delight.

"Look, Jerry!" she cried. "A swing!"

But just then the tea bell rang, and they had to go indoors.

"By the way, children," said Aunt Margaret, as she poured out the tea, "there's a swing in the orchard that will amuse you. But you mustn't get on it till I've had it seen to; it's years since it was used, and I expect the ropes are rotten."

Betty looked very disappointed at that. She said nothing, but when tea was over and they were out in the orchard again, she went straight to the swing and shook it.

"It seems ever so safe," she said. "I think Auntie is being fussy about the ropes. I shall get on."

Jerry wasn't such a tomboy as his sister. "Better wait," he said.

But Betty only laughed at him. She hated waiting as



She sprang on to the seat

much as she loved swinging. She sprang on to the seat and gave a kick that sent her flying.

Suddenly there was a crack! The rope snapped, and Betty took a flying leap into the gooseberry bushes!

She wasn't hurt, but she was very frightened and shaken; and for weeks her hands and arms had deep, ugly scratches on them to remind her how very silly she had been.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 17, 1924

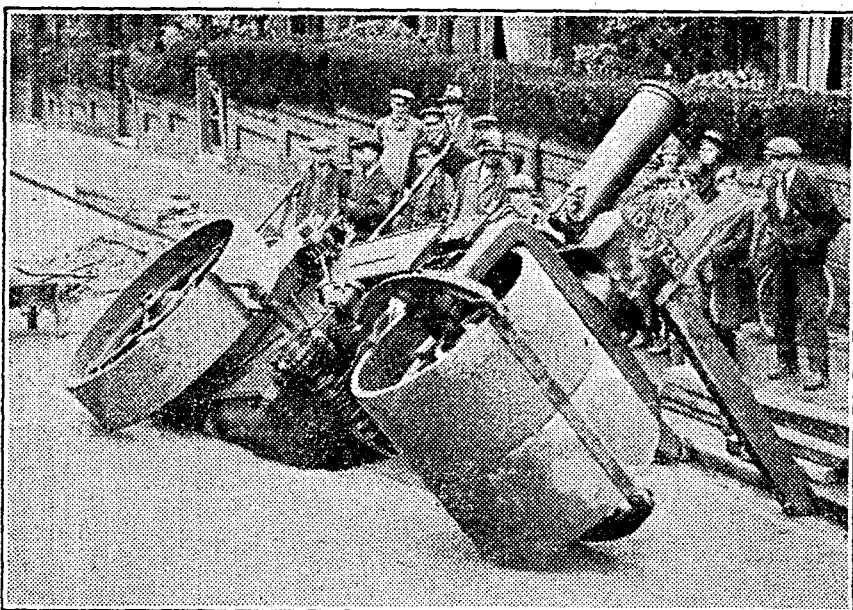
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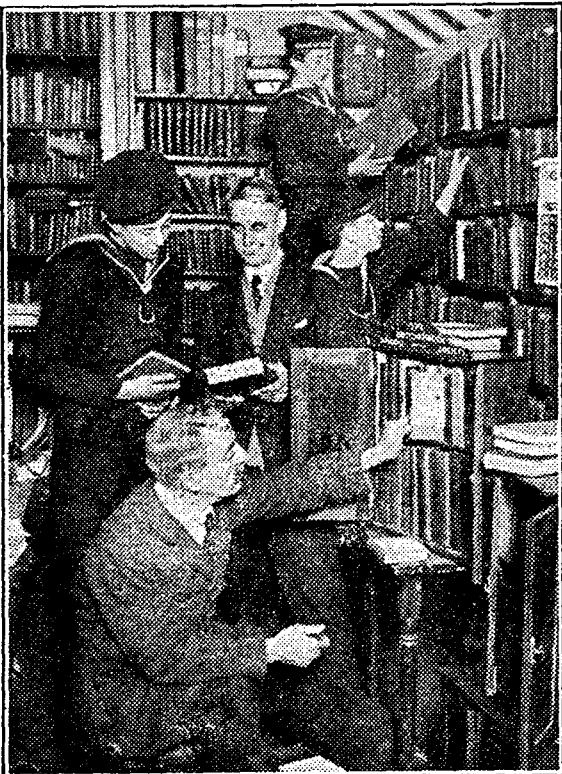
BOY GARDENERS • LIBRARIES FOR SAILORS • SAVING WATERLOO BRIDGE



The Peace Army on the March—At Hazlemere, Buckinghamshire, the boys of the County Council school are taught science and business by means of gardening. Each has his own plot, buys his seeds and sells his crop. Here the boys are marching off to their gardens



The Fall of the Mighty—This steam-roller was proceeding along Talbot Road, Highgate, when suddenly the road caved in and the hind part of the engine fell into the hole thus formed, as shown in the picture. Such an unusual accident attracted a considerable crowd of spectators



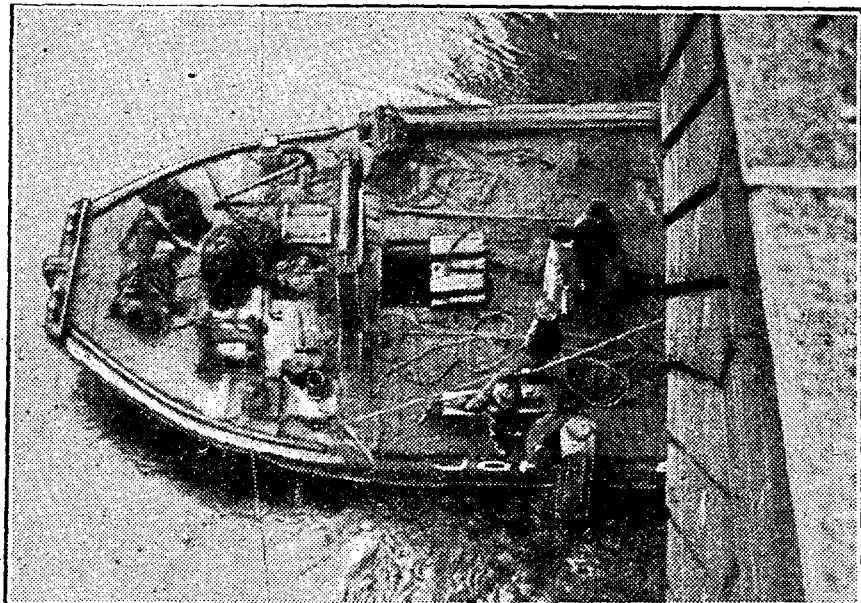
Libraries for the Sailors—Seamen afloat are now provided with portable libraries, which are changed from time to time; and this picture shows the libraries being packed for despatch to the ships by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society



The Giant's Head—Abraham Lincoln was a giant among men; and now four appropriately gigantic heads of the famous president are being sculptured to be placed at various points on the Lincoln Highway, that runs through four of the States



The Cheetah Takes the Sea Air—This cheetah is one of a number of animals that has just been brought from Africa to the Edinburgh Zoo on board the Bampton Castle. It was a great favourite with the sailors during the voyage. See page 8



Saving Waterloo Bridge—Owing to the sinking of one of the piers of Waterloo Bridge in London men are now driving piles under the bridge to save it from further subsidence



The Turtle Hunter in Abyssinia—An Abyssinian turtle hunter on the bows of his dug-out boat watching for another turtle. The natives shoot the turtles with bows and arrows

ONE GOOD THING THAT CAME OUT OF THE WAR—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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